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No. 106.

THE PICTURE ON THE PANE.

BY MALCOLM TAYLOR, JR.

The artist, Frost, in my fancy's eye,
On the pane did a picture paint;
With a whisk of wind, from the pallet sky,
He took a pure vapor tint,
And touched, with the power of a magic wand,
On the window, a wintry scene—
A view of a vale in his native land,
Where one season stays serene.
A field of firs, woods of staccatos,
With a fallen crystalline snag,
A glassy glacier 'twixt icebergs bright,
With a cave and a shelving crag;
On the jutting cliff, a young maiden, down
On her knees, fear frozen, knelt,
Arrayed in an elder woven gown,
And a cloak of fleecy felt.
While issuing from the hollow lair,
With a grinning mouth and growl,
A gaunt and great white polar bear,
Scanned her with hungry scowl;
Beneath, anigh to the icicle wold,
In the snag's scintillating light,
In position stood, so firm and bold,
A valiant Norseman knight.
Who in armor clad of silver sheen,
And snowy skirt of the Gaelic garb,
At the bear leveled, with true aim keen,
A long, bright steel lance's barb;
Such the scene that Frost on my pane did paint,
In which fancy found delight,
Till the critic, Sunlight, made it faint,
When it faded from my sight.

Madeleine's Marriage:

OR,
THE HEIR OF BROADHURST.

BY MRS. E. F. ELLET,
AUTHOR OF "UNDER THE CLOUD."

CHAPTER V.

THE ROBBERY AND THE SUSPICION.

The evening had advanced, and the moon was shining brightly, when a man, wrapped in a cloak, alighted from a stage-coach that passed within a short distance from Mr. Morell's house. His step was stealthy, and almost noiseless; he kept himself as much as possible in the shadow of trees that grew on one side of the road, and quickened his pace when crossing an unsheltered space. His hat was pulled over his brow, and while his cloak was so held up as to cover the lower part of his face, it would have been difficult even for an acquaintance to recognize him.

His steps grew uncertain as he approached Morell's door. He stopped and listened; then, turned aside, and went up to one of the side windows that opened into the library. The moon shone full upon it, but there was no light within.

The man raised the window a little, then pushed it wide open.

Looking round as if to see that no one observed him, he put his hand on the sill, and, with a spring, leaped in at the window.

The room was partially lighted by the moon. The intruder listened carefully, stepping lightly to each door; then went up to the desk.

He drew a key from his vest-pocket, which he inserted in the lock with the manner of one who knows that the key will fit the lock.

He opened the desk, and hastily examined its different compartments.

Apparently he was disappointed in the search; for he muttered curses as he threw down the papers taken up. He was in search of a document he could not find.

At last, pulling open a small drawer, he suddenly perceived and seized a pocket-book, which he opened, uttering an audible chuckle as he clutched its contents—a parcel of Bank of England notes. Pocketing these, he flung down the pocket-book, shut the drawer, and closed and locked the desk; laughing a low laugh as he did so, and muttering:

"No will!—but she shall bear the blame."

The robber turned to the window by which he had entered. As he looked out and saw the shadow of two figures advancing upon the lawn, he started back.

"The stairs!—the roof!" he exclaimed; and in the same breath darted up the stairs, drawing the door to after him. The sound of his light steps were heard as he ascended the stairs, but soon died away, and all was silence.

It was but a moment after, that Mr. Morell and Madeleine entered the library.

The latter rung for lights. A single lamp was placed on the table. Morell walked the library to and fro for some minutes, while the girl sat musing and silent.

At length the old man said:

"I have had an afternoon's work with my lawyer, Madeleine; and you had a part in our deliberations."

"I—sir?" questioned the young girl.

"I am growing old, you know, and very feeble at times, and not over-patient; a dull, moody companion for you; a chilly sort of old bachelor."

"Do not say so," interrupted Madeleine, with a bright smile, looking full in his face.

"You would hardly believe that I had ever been a hopeful, ardent man, full of energy and alive to passion?"

She saw that her old friend was in one of his gloomy moods, and strove to cheer him. Some further talk about the past ensued, with allusions that brought tears to her eyes.

Morell continued:

"I had two disappointments. One was the conduct of my profligate nephew—but enough of him. I destroyed the old will to-day, and made a new one, leaving you my whole property."

"Oh, sir—you must not—I hope you will



"Oh, mamma! mamma!" she sobbed, "how I wish I could go to you!"

not—deprive your nephew of the means of redeeming his good name!"

"You talk like a foolish girl. Albert was a gambler. He committed forgery. One leads to the other."

Madeleine sighed deeply. There had been too much sadness in her own young life, that she should not feel for the unhappy.

Morell went on: "Let a man slip the rein on his integrity in money matters, and I would not give a finger-snap for his principles in any thing."

The girl held out her hands as if to arrest the fatal judgment.

"The fallen may rise again," she said, gently.

"I do not believe it. Indeflexible honesty is to a man what virtue is to a woman. It must never be doubted. But I did not want to talk about the scapegrace, whom you never knew. As I said, you are my heiress. The will secures your rights as my adopted daughter. I am going for some weeks to London. I start to-morrow morning. I shall take a house in town for the winter. You are not far from seventeen now, Madeleine, and you have been carefully educated. It is time you saw more of society than you can see here."

The girl's eyes sparkled.

"I see you will like that. Is it not so?"

"It has always been like a dream, sir, to see London."

"You shall see it in its pleasant aspect. I never meant to keep you moping here. Would you not like beautiful dresses, and gay company, and admiration, eh?"

Madeleine laughed. "I have been very foolish," she answered, with a blush, "to think of such things."

"It was natural for a young girl. No doubt your mother had all those advantages."

"Mamma had very pretty dresses, I remember," said the girl. "But she never wore them. We lived in such a retired manner."

"Have you no recollection of your life in England?"

"A very faint one. I can not tell if it is

my own memory, or what my mother has told me. But I have fancied I remembered a beautiful country house with trees, and water."

"You know nothing of your relatives?"

"Ah, no, sir. Mr. Morgan advertised for them, but nothing ever came of it."

"It was as well," muttered the cynical man. "But you are of gentle blood, Madeleine; and I mean you to dress and live like one born a lady."

"You are kind, sir."

"Only one restraint I must put upon you. I do not wish you to have any association hereafter with those Dorants."

The girl started and looked up at him as if she did not understand his words.

"You hear me, girl; you must forget that part of your life."

"Forget it, sir! I should be most ungrateful to do so."

"No nonsense! I have indulged you in your sentimental visits to the old fisherman; but they must not be repeated. His son was here to-day."

The girl was silent.

"Was not the young man in this house, and did you not see him?" demanded Morell, fixing his eyes on the maiden.

"He was here for a few moments," she faltered, in reply.

"To ask you for money?"

"No, indeed!" exclaimed Madeleine, indignantly. "He brought back my necklace and locket, which I had left for his father. He refused to take any thing from me!"

"Noble disinterestedness!" exclaimed the old man, ironically. "What was his object, then?"

"To bid me farewell. He is going away!"

"Never! never!" cried the girl, sobbing. "They would take nothing from me, much as I owe them."

"As I said—my agent will pay for every thing in my absence, till I take you to London. Girls never know how to lay out money. You may dress and spend as you please; but those people must not presume on a service rendered to claim your acquaintance."

"Oh, sir!" exclaimed Madeleine, "they saved my life! They gave me a home for years, when I was only a troublesome child! How could I ever forget all they have done?"

"You must forget it. If this young man is allowed to visit you, the next thing he may be wanting to marry you!"

A scarlet flush swept across the girl's face.

"He would think it a suitable match, no doubt; and the share in my money quite a desirable thing!"

The girl uttered a stifled cry, and stretched out her hands as if imploring silence.

"The thing has gone too far already," muttered the cynic, "with these sentimental farewells and pathetic reminiscences. Madeleine, you are a sensible girl. You will move in a better sphere; you will be richly endowed."

"I would rather not, sir, accept your generosity on such terms," said the young girl, meekly drooping her head.

"What do you mean?"

"Oh, Mr. Morell!" exclaimed Madeleine, with rising emotion. "To the latest hour of my life I shall remember what you have done for me. But to turn my back on him who has been a father to me—to treat with scorn one who has been as a brother—"

"And would be more than one?" added the old man.

"He never said so!—he has never thought of such a thing!" exclaimed the girl, again coloring painfully.

Morell mused a moment.

"If the old man," he said, "had no one to provide for him, I should not object to his having a small allowance. I do not like the younger one; he has the airs of a gen-

tleman. No! I shall do what I choose with my own. We shall hear nothing of them in London, and I will shut up this house."

He had risen and was pacing the floor again. Alice came quietly into the room. She did not perceive the master of the house at first.

"I found Mr. Dorant," she said to her young mistress, "just before the train was leaving. He wrote this scrap on the back of your note, and—"

She stopped suddenly, as Mr. Morell came into view from the shadows in the room. The sudden pause aroused his suspicions.

"So," he said, wheeling round, and facing the two. "A dispatch from young Dorant! Well—Alice?"

"I thought Miss Madeleine was alone, sir," said the maid, hesitatingly.

"Is it any thing I should not know? Speak out!"

"Go on, Alice," said her mistress.

"And—and—Mr. Dorant was very glad indeed of the money, and sent back what was over in the cover of your note."

Madeleine took it mechanically.

"Money?" she repeated. "I sent him no money!"

"Has he gone away?" inquired Mr. Morell.

"Yes, sir; by the last train," answered the maid. And she left the room, while Madeleine still held the letter.

She could in no way understand it.

"What can it mean?" she murmured.

"Will you allow me?" asked Morell, reaching out his hand for the letter. She gave it, and he took it, and read it aloud:

"DEAR MADELEINE:
After all, I am glad of the timely aid. In your haste you sent a hundred and twenty pounds; I return the twenty. I will send the amount from Antwerp."
Lewis.

"So—so!" exclaimed Morell. "A hundred and twenty pounds! A large sum for even a young spendthrift to owe—and receive so romantically. There is a mystery, it seems, about the matter. Will you explain it?"

"I can not," replied Madeleine. "I do not understand it at all."

"You sent it to him. You do not deny that?"

"I did not send it! I sent only the letter of Mr. Long's clerk, saying he had left the country. There was no money in my letter."

"Yet Alice carried it to him?"

"Yes—and he took it from her hand. I can not comprehend it."

The old man resumed his walk.

"A-ha!" he exclaimed at length, suddenly stopping. "A light breaks on me! 'Madeleine'—looking sternly at her—'I remember that, a day or two since, I placed a sum of money in your care. You may give it me now, if you please.'"

"Certainly, sir."

The girl rose, and there was a tone of relief in her voice. She glanced at Mr. Morell, and the terrible truth flashed upon her. It was like an icy chill running from head to foot.

"Is it possible," she said to herself, "that he can suspect me of taking it?"

She drew out the key, opened the desk and the drawer with trembling hands, and gave the pocket-book to Mr. Morell.

He examined it coolly; then laid it down.

"It is as I suspected. The money is gone."

"WHAT!" was Madeleine's startled exclamation.

"This pocket-book," said Morell, "when I gave it to you, contained one hundred and fifty pounds."

"I know it did."

"There is no money here!"

"You are mistaken, sir! It is all there! I locked it up, and I have kept the key in my own possession! No one can have touched it!"

She snatched the pocket-book, and turned over the leaves in violent agitation.

"You see it is gone!" said the old man, calmly.

"But it must be here! It may have fallen out."

The poor girl searched the desk rapidly, trembling in every limb.

"Madeleine!" cried Morell, "do not attempt to deceive me! I know that you have sent this money to those Dorants!"

Madeleine gave a sharp cry; let the pocket-book fall, and stood gazing in bewildered terror at her accuser. At length she sobbed:

"Oh, Mr. Morell! can you charge me with so base a crime?"

"Can you deny it?" he replied. "Here is the note you sent, from Mr. Long's clerk. Here is the envelope of your letter, in which the twenty pounds are returned. Is not that your handwriting?"

"It is—I am sure it is!" faltered the poor girl, looking at it.

"Madeleine, you dare not deny the theft?"

"I do—I do!" she cried. "As I live—I declare it to you—I swear it to you! I swear it by the memory of my mother!"

Morell turned away from the passionate protestations of innocence she continued to pour forth.

"Your part is well acted!" was his only answer to her sobbing reiteration.

"I am innocent! It is some horrible dream!"

"Enough of hypocrisy!" he said, angrily. "In face of such proof!" and he held the envelope before her.

Madeleine gazed at it, trying to remember what might explain it; but shook her head.



THE OTHER VILLAGE BLACK-SMITH.

BY JOE JOE, JR.

Under the spreading beechen tree
The village smithy stands,
The smith is a jolly man in he
With six or seven hands,
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as two brass bands.
A very splendid broadcloth coat
That never had a spot,
With collar made of velvet soft
From New York city brought,
And buttons of the latest style—
In truth he hasn't got.
But a white bosom neatly ironed
As if to take to fair,
Transcendent with the utmost starch
And diamond sets in pairs,
And of the finest linen made—
In fact he never wears.
From dewy morn to thirty night
You hear his anvil peal—
The most outrageous jingling
That ever made you reel,
Till you could have him taken up
For forging notes of steel.
This blacksmith, most industrious,
Is very fond of noise,
To hear his daughter's voice,
And finds it great delight to sit
Among his whistling boys.
He wears an honest sunny face,
Which that he could thrive
Without his trade, and turn to be
The laziest man alive,
For every morning of the year
He wakes me up at five!

The Mid-Ocean Mutiny.

BY WALTER A. ROSE.

THIS fine clipper-barque Asteroid, owned and commanded by Captain Hiram Nashby, had been successfully engaged cruising about among the South Pacific islands for nearly eighteen months, when, on her passage back to the port of Salem, from whence she hailed, she put into Rio Janeiro, Brazil, for provisions.

During her detention, the second-mate, who had long been ailing, died, and, as I chanced to be out of employment at the time, the ship in which I had come to Rio having been condemned, I immediately made application for and obtained the vacant position.

Even before the Asteroid sailed, I had reason to feel well pleased with my berth, for Captain Nashby was a genial, kindly old fellow; and his only daughter—who, since the death of her mother always accompanied her father on his voyages—fully realized my beau ideal of feminine perfection. Mr. Hatch, the chief-mate, was also a quiet, agreeable sort of man, and a good sailor to boot, though I soon perceived that he allowed the crew too much scope to be consistent with discipline, for I have invariably found that you must always keep a very tight rein upon Jack, if you wish him to be orderly and obedient.

Soon after leaving Rio, we encountered a series of those squalls for which the Brazilian coast is famous, but, afterward, we experienced favorable weather until we reached the equator, in the vicinity of which we were long delayed by calms.

The heat was excessive, so Miss Nashby spent most of her time on deck, thereby affording me considerable gratification, for she was a charming conversationalist and rendered pleasant by her presence many a watch which would otherwise have been to me but a dreary vigil. A bright-eyed, sweet-faced, soft-voiced darling was Ellen Nashby, and she shone upon the rugged pathway of my life like a golden sunbeam, banishing dark shadows, wakening into new life expiring aspirations.

But, though I soon learned to love her, I was too diffident to woo, for I felt my inferiority and feared to jeopardize the friendship I had gained by seeking openly to win her affections; therefore I carefully avoided, either by word or deed, giving expression to the passion pent within my breast.

I was not at all satisfied with the seamen of the Asteroid; they were a rough, uncouth lot of fellows, the off-scourings of an Australian port, whose services the skipper had been compelled to accept in lieu of those of his former crew, every member of which had deserted, in order to try their luck on the gold-fields of Ballarat. They were pretty good sailors, however, so I seldom came to an open rupture with them; but, before we were a month out of port, I noticed that some secret understanding existed among them, and my suspicions became fully aroused when, during the second dog-watch one evening, I chanced to overhear portions of a conversation four of them were maintaining on the top-gallant forecastle.

"We all of us knows the shiners is aboard, anyhow, for most of us have lent a hand ter k'ist 'em in at one time or another, and we can easy find out where the old man's stowed 'em, for cases o' dollars is allus alike. I'll be easy as kiss my hand ter capter the burker, for neither the skipper or mates has any 'spicions of our game," said Bill Reynolds, a dark-skinned, low-browed scoundrel, who had shipped as carpenter.

"Well, chips, we've got all that dried fixed long ago, and it's all cut and dried what's to be done with the vessel; but, what about the gal? She's too purty to be chucked to the fishes," remarked Jim Varian, a man one degree less repulsive than Reynolds.

"What's that to you? I'll fix the lass off when the time comes. She'll—hark! She was sartilly the queerest old hooker as ever I set foot aboard of, and yet she was a good ship for grub too."

The carpenter had caught sight of my shadow, as the moon emerged from behind a sable cloud, so he adroitly changed the conversation; but I had heard enough to convince me that some diabolical plot to seize the vessel was hatching, and I determined to lose no time in communicating my suspicions to my superior officers. To my great astonishment, Captain Nashby laughed at my fears.

"I guess the men knew you were near to them, and were 'giving you away' for a joke. The treasure-boxes which I have on board contain only minerals and some seashells. I promised a conchologist at home, and the crew know that, I am sure. I'm not such a fool as to carry large sums about in an unarmed vessel; I've sent every cent home by mail," he said.

Of course, after that, I could say no more; but I felt no less uneasy in my mind, not so much for my own sake as for that of the bright girl, whose fate, if the crew captured the vessel, I knew would be a hard one, indeed.

Like most American merchant ships, the Asteroid was but poorly supplied with fire-

arms, and the only weapons upon which I knew we could rely in case of trouble were the three revolvers owned by the captain, mate and myself. The steward possessed a good one also, but he was a mulatto and not to be trusted, so I took occasion to abstract it one day and secrete it in my own berth. Still watchful, my suspicions were daily increased by the conduct of the crew; they were unusually civil and obedient, but silent, and this I regarded as a dangerous phase.

I became so anxious at last that I determined to place the power of defending herself in case of necessity within Miss Nashby's reach; so, one morning, when she was conversing with me, I carelessly asked her if her berth leaked.

"No, Mr. Horton, not a drop of water ever comes in, unless I omit to close one of the ports; but why do you ask?" she said.

"Because mine is very damp—the deck above wants caulking—and I have a handsome revolver that I fear will be spoiled by rust if it remains in my room. I value the weapon, for it was presented to me, and I wanted to ask you if you would mind taking care of it for me until we reach port," I replied.

"Certainly I will, with the greatest pleasure. Is it loaded?" she inquired.

"Yes, all ready for use. By the by, Miss Nashby, did you ever fire a pistol?" I asked.

"Frequently, and I am quite a good shot," she answered.

An hour later the revolver was hanging over her bunk and I felt a little more at ease.

Captain Nashby had acquired a habit of sleeping during the afternoon, so he seldom retired to his berth before midnight; but, in fine weather, paced the deck with the officer on duty. His daughter usually sought her bed at eleven p. m.

One night, when the Asteroid was a few degrees to the south-west of the Bermudas, Mr. Hatch had the first watch, so I turned in at nine o'clock, for I had been working pretty hard all day, and, knowing I should

none on us ever seen her since, tho' I s'arched for her, acin' she war a likely gal an' true grit," replied the scoundrel.

"My poor darling," I involuntarily ejaculated as I sunk back upon my pillow; "perhaps, after all, it is better so—you have gone pure and spotless to your heavenly home!"

The mutineers appreciated the value of my services too highly to permit me to die; they gave me stimulants and nursed me so carefully that, in a few days, I was able to move about.

Then Dennis, the ringleader, demanded that I should navigate the vessel to Bermuda. This I positively refused to do, asserting that directly they sighted the island they would put me out of the way, which, I remarked, they might just as well do at once. Sweet Ellen was dead, what value then had life for me? The scoundrels saw how determined I was, and, knowing their inability to dispense with my services, registered most terrible vows that they would spare my life if I obeyed their behest. I chose to believe them, trusting that chance might enable me to deliver them over to authorities who would mete out to them punishment for their misdeeds.

Soon after sunrise, on the morning of the eighth day subsequent to the meeting, the man on the look-out reported land ahead.

"There is Bermuda; I have fulfilled my part of the contract; do you intend to do the same?" I said, to Dennis.

"Ha! ha! of course I do; no one shall lay a finger onter yer," he replied.

The miscreant prepared the long-boat for use, placing plenty of provisions within her, and the crew, which they fondly believed contained specie. When the Asteroid was within thirty miles of the land, they cut with an ax a large hole in her starboard bows, through which the water rushed in torrents—then they descended into their boat and shoved off from the ship's side.

"Good-by, matey; we kep' our words; no one ain't laid a finger onter yer!" cried Dennis; "but I reckon yer won't be able

return, she informed me that, after she slew Reynolds, she had immediately descended into the lazarette for safety. By listening at the grating, she had overheard the mutineers speak of the affray, had learned that her father was slain, but that my life had been spared. Loving me well, she had determined to live for me, so had secreted herself among the sails and sustained existence with preserved meats and wines which were in the store-room.

With Ellen's aid, I hauled forward a spare topmast-studding sail. I then lowered one end—for, of course, it was rolled up—over the ship's side and lowered myself down in a bowline. As the vessel rose on a wave, I thrust the sail into the hole the mutineers had made, and the next instant had the satisfaction of seeing it drawn in by the suction until it jammed, and rendered almost water-tight the orifice. After I had lashed it in its place, Ellen helped me to pump the greater part of the water out of the Asteroid's hold. The wound I had received at Nellie's hand was but a very slight one, after all, and I was easily able to work the vessel to the entrance to the harbor of St. George, when a signal for assistance brought a boat from a British man-of-war to our aid. The ship was safely anchored, and the coast scoured for the mutineers. Their boat was found capsized and broken, but their fate was never ascertained.

Within a month, the Asteroid, repaired, re-manned, and under my command, was re-pursuing her way toward Salem, and upon her deck, though attired in deep mourning, stood a bright-faced bride—my darling Ellen.

RED HAND, a prophet of the Pute Indians, has lifted the veil, and gazed into futurity. He is satisfied from what he saw, and accordingly announces that we shall soon have a flood "like the one 1,870 years ago, when it rained forty days and forty nights, and all the people got into the big boat built by Columbus."



Tracked to Death—"Your name is not Philip Quantrell: it is Richard Darke!"

have to go on deck at midnight, I desired to get as much repose as possible. But the sleep I coveted and courted would not come and drown my senses, and, as I lay tossing in my bunk, I could plainly hear the measured tread of the skipper and mate upon the deck above. Then six bells struck, and I heard Miss Nashby quit the saloon for her berth. I tried hard to compose myself for sleep, and was just sinking into a doze, when two shots, fired in rapid succession, followed by a piercing shriek, caused me to spring from my bunk and draw my revolver or rather the steward's, from the place where it reposed.

I had just cooked it when the door of my berth was burst violently in and Varian stood before me with a long knife upraised to strike my life away. Quick as lightning, I fired and the villain fell, shot through the heart, his death-cry echoed by that of Reynolds, whom brave Ellen had slain while he was in the act of entering her room.

I rushed up the cabin companion-way and gained the deck, prone upon which I saw lying the stiffening corpses of poor Captain Nashby and Mr. Hatch. Only a glance at them was allowed me, for the next moment I dropped insensible beside them, felled by a terrible blow from a handspike in the hands of one of the mutineers.

When I regained consciousness, I found myself lying upon a settee in the saloon and a burly villain, named Dennis, sitting near me.

"So yer've come to at last, hev yer," he muttered, with an oath. "I thought I'd put the kybosh a little tew strong on yer, an' that wouldn't hev suited us now."

"Why have you spared me?" I groaned.

"Cos thet (adjective) gal o' the skipper's give Bill Reynolds a lead pill that made him pars in his cheeks, an' now there ain't an (adjective) one among us as knows aught about navigashun. So we nussed yer up, so as yer ken take us whar we're bound ter."

"Where is Miss Nashby?" I anxiously inquired.

"She sp'iled herself, I reckon; must 'a' jumped overboard arter she shot Bill, for

ter fetch the (adjective) old hooker inter port."

I thought I'd try to keep her afloat as long as possible, however, in the hope that some vessel might heave in sight, and, in answer to my signals, come to my rescue; therefore I ran down into the fore-peak to ascertain the exact state of affairs. An orifice over a foot square had been hewn in the ship's bow, and the water was gushing through it in a broad, strong stream that threatened to sink the ship in less than two hours' time. It would be useless to attempt to stop the hole from the inside, but I thought that I could manage to insert a spare top-sail from the outside, I might stay the flow.

The sail-room was just abaft the lazarette, or store-room, the lattice-work hatch of which was in the passage between the saloon and ladies' cabin. I took a lamp, for it was dark as Erebus below, lifted the grating and descended. Setting the lamp on a flour-barrel, I entered the sail-room. No sooner had I set foot inside than the darkness was illumined by a vivid flash, and I felt a sharp, stinging sensation in my left shoulder. I uttered a cry of pain and astonishment, as I stumbled and fell over a pile of sails.

"God have mercy upon me!" cried a voice which I instantly recognized as that of Nellie Nashby. "I have shot my only friend!"

The sweet girl fell on her knees beside me, in an agony of despair.

"Oh! Mr. Horton—Harry—speak to me, I implore you; tell me you forgive me. I thought that demon Dennis had discovered my hiding-place and had come to seek me. Oh, Harry—my love—my love!"

She threw her arms around my neck and covered my face with kisses, while her silken tresses fanned my brow; and I, reviving from surprise, close-pressed her to my breast and returned with fervor her caresses, while I told her how little injury her bullet had inflicted, and how I was glad it had been fired, seeing that it had revealed our mutual affection.

In a few words, I made her acquainted with all that had lately transpired, and, in

Border Reminiscences.

A Life for a Life.

BY RALPH RINGWOOD.

"You may talk of men being grateful," said my friend "Bruin" Adams, one night by the camp-fire: "but if I were to look for the true, the Simon Pure feeling, I should hunt up some woman to whom a great kindness, perhaps the saving of her child's life, had been done."

"Gratitude as experienced, or felt, by men, is what you might call a mixed affair, something always underlying it; but when one of the fairer sex has had reason to say, 'I thank you,' you may rest assured her whole heart is in those words."

"You are enthusiastic," I said.

"And I have reason to be so, Ralph," he replied. "Why, it is owing to this very fact of 'woman's gratitude' that I am sitting alongside of you to-night."

"How was it?" I asked.

"Well, I will tell you. It won't take long—not longer, anyway, than will be required for the horses to prepare themselves for the night-work that lies before them. You remember hearing me speak of having accidentally stumbled upon a couple of Sioux warriors who had a prisoner—a woman—in charge, and how I, by good luck, mortally wounded both of them at one shot, and set the captive free."

"Yes; well, three years after, that same woman saved my life, at the expense of her own."

"She was the daughter of a pioneer by the name of Randal, who had recklessly ventured to locate almost in the heart of the Sioux country, and the natural consequence was that he had his cabin burned over his head on two occasions; his wife killed on one of them, and his daughter, an only child, captured on both."

"The first time I set her free, and the second time she did the same for me."

"But now for the story. I had parted from

uncle Grizzly in the morning, and at night-fall found myself some distance from the camp, having struck the trail of a fine buck, and consumed the whole day in trying to come up with and get a shot at him.

"Finally I gave the job up as a bad one, and reluctantly turned back. While on the return path, and in passing around a motte of timber, I was surprised by a small war-party of Sioux, and captured."

"They carried me back into the brush a little way, to where they had their camp, and you may imagine my surprise when I saw, tied by her hands to a small sapling, the same girl I had rescued three years before. She recognized me in a moment, though only by a significant motion of her head, so quickly made as to escape the Indians' eyes."

"But, that mattered little, as, by some means, they recognized me as the person who had slain their comrades, for this same woman's sake, and they evidently intended taking a swift and sure revenge."

"They talked the matter over freely among themselves, and by close attention I was enabled to learn that they proposed roasting me early next morning."

"I was at once 'spread eagled'—a manner of securing a prisoner from which, as you know, there is little or no hope of escape—and having 'fixed me,' they replenished the fire, looked to the woman's bonds, and laid down to sleep until daylight."

"You may rest assured that I slept but little, if any; for seeing the necessity of doing something, I spent the time in uselessly tugging at the lashings that confined my arms and legs."

"The time slipped rapidly by. Already the first flashings of the coming dawn were plainly visible in the east, and yet I had not advanced one inch toward freedom."

"All at once I heard a low 'hiss' directly behind me, and by twisting my head around, I saw that the girl had freed herself from the tree to which she had been tied, but had not yet succeeded in releasing her ankles from their lashings of raw hide."

As I looked she was just in the act of drawing the scalp-knife from a sleeping savage's girdle, and the next instant the weapon was sawing away at the thongs that held my wrists."

"In a moment they were cut, and the knife placed in my hand. To cut the remaining cords took but a moment, and then I was free."

"Lying quiet a moment, until circulation should be in some degree restored, for I knew that rapid action might be necessary in a very short time, I slowly rose to my feet, and, stepping to the side of the girl, stooped over to cut the thongs that still confined her ankles."

"All this time the Indians had remained perfectly still; their sleep was unbroken, and I saw a hope of both getting clear. But that hope was short-lived."

"As I reached over to sever the bonds, a startling yell suddenly broke the silence of the night, and at the same time I received a stunning blow that sent me reeling across the open and right into the brands of the smoldering fire."

"I was to my feet in an instant, but only in time to see the warrior, upon whom the brave girl had thrown herself—clinging to him like a very wildcat—whirl his tomahawk aloft, and sink it to the eye in her brain."

"The whole camp was, of course, alarmed, and the warriors were springing to their arms. I saw the girl was past all aid from me, or any other earthly power; so I sprang into the chapparal, and, after a long, hot chase, succeeded in eluding my pursuers."

"But, I marked the savage that killed the devoted girl, and in less than a month he went on the long journey to the hunting-grounds."

"Now, that's what I call practical gratitude, and you won't find one man in a thousand who would thus have actually thrown away his life to save that of another, who had done him a kindness."

I did not discuss the question with my friend, for I was clearly of his belief.

Short Stories from History.

• A Daring Act.—An instance of daring enterprise almost without parallel occurred at the bridge of Inspruck in the Tyrol, during the late war. Steep rocks, fringed with brushwood, rose above the bridge on the southern side, which the Tyrolese occupied. From these rocks they kept up an irregular fire on the French infantry, who were endeavoring to make their way through the defile; and so great was the slaughter, that in a very short time the road was literally blocked up with dead bodies.

In this emergency an officer of the Bavarian dragoons volunteered to gallop over the bridge with his squadron, and dispossess the peasantry who occupied the cliffs. The Tyrolese, perceiving the cavalry winding up the ascent, set fire to the bridge, and, in a very short time, the flames spread rapidly along the fir beams on which it was supported.

Not deterred, however, by this circumstance, nor by the dreadful fire which the peasantry directed toward this point, the brave horseman pressed forward, and spurring his horse with much difficulty over the dead bodies of his comrades, dashed into the midst of the flames.

The eyes of both armies were anxiously turned upon this brave man, and the hoofs of his horse were just touching the rocks on the opposite side, when the burning rafters broke, and he was precipitated from an immense height into the torrent beneath.

A momentary pause, and a cessation from firing, ensued, till the heavy splash in the deep ravine below announced his fate; and instantly a loud shout from the Tyrolese army re-echoed through the impending rocks, announced to the neighboring valleys that the French army was stopped at the important defile. Thus had a most important result been achieved through the heroism and daring of a single individual.